

THE RABBIT AND MR. HEDGEHOG

One bright September day, while Uncle Frank and the little cousins were in the woods a hedgehog ran across the path. Little Dandelion exclaimed: "Oh, look at his funny, crooked legs." And then Uncle Frank replied, "Yes, and in the old country those legs were the cause of one of the queerest races ever run. I'll tell you a story about it at dinner time." And so, after the lunch had been eaten and all the little folks were still, Uncle Frank began:

"One bright morning in the early fall Mr. Hedgehog stood at the door of his house, dressed in his best clothes, for it was Sunday, and no good hedgehog labors on that day. And so, as he could do no work, he concluded to go over toward the creek and see how his turnips were coming on. The air had all the softness of autumn; the leaves were glorious in their fall coloring, and fields and woods were very beautiful. As Mr. Hedgehog strolled along, switching the grass with his stick, he could not help feeling very joyful; and so he hummed snatches of song or whistled softly to himself. When he came to the creek he stopped a long time and admired his reflection in the water. Oh, he was very well pleased with himself and had he not a right to be? For, thought he, I have a fine wife and interest in my children, enough turnips in my field to furnish food all winter and besides all that, I am Mr. Hedgehog, the most admirable creature in the woods. Yes, beyond a doubt, I am the finest fellow in this part of the country. But I must be off. That turnip field needs close watching this time of year."

"So saying, he picked up his hat and stick and continued on his way. When he arrived at the turnip patch he was more than pleased, for there was a fine crop of the sweet roots on which he and his family were to live all winter. But it so happened that Master Rabbit had come to the same place that morning to see how his turnips were coming on; and so just as Mr. Hedgehog was feeling the best satisfied with himself he saw a very much interested rabbit close at his elbow saying: "Good morning, Master Crooked-shank, and how do you do this morning?"

"Mr. Hedgehog was too surprised to speak, and I am afraid he was a little angry, too. For, when a fellow thinks a good deal of himself, it is pretty bad to have a vulgar rascal like Mr. Rabbit speak to him; but when the rascal is a gentleman and names himself as such, he is to be excused if he gets angry. And then, too, Mr. Rabbit chose just the name that most offends a Hedgehog; for this family all have weak, little, crooked legs—weak that they are almost useless for running. Of course, then, Mr. Hedgehog was angry and hurt at Mr. Rabbit's familiarity. But he was a brave little fellow, and vain of his fine appearance; and so he looked the Rabbit square in the eye and said in a bold voice: "Do you mean to imply that my legs are not as strong and as straight as yours?"

"Why, of course they are not," answered Mr. Rabbit. "Perhaps you think you could beat me in a race, too?" demanded Mr. Hedgehog. "The Rabbit laughed loud and long. When he got his head he said: "My dear Hedgehog, I could beat you in any race at any distance more easily than you could beat the toad there. Why, the very thought of it makes me laugh. And then he wheezed and whooped until one would have thought he would burst."

"Of course, Mr. Hedgehog grew more and more angry at such slights. Perhaps his anger made him rash; at any rate, he slapped his pocketbook and cried hotly: "If you dare to bet with me I'll run you a race that will shame every rabbit in creation. Come, come, don't be a coward. Put up your money or shut up about being a runner."

"O, all right," carelessly answered Mr. Rabbit; "if you wish to swell my bank account I don't care. What shall we wager?" "Well," replied the Hedgehog, "a five-dollar gold piece and a bottle of wine." "Very good," coolly said the Rabbit as he recorded the wager in his notebook. "I'll leave the selection of the ground to you. When will you be ready?"

"If you will call around at my place after dinner we'll go out after our quarrel then," answered Mr. Hedgehog. So they parted, the Rabbit hopping gaily about the turnip patch, laughing to himself reducing other ants to actual slavery; with surprising ingenuity in the construction of nests and hills, and with remarkable martial exploits and predatory expeditions.

A new version of an old German tale wherein the unusually weak Mr. Rabbit overcomes by the aid of his enemy. Written for young readers by Professor Lewis C. Ward.

at the Hedgehog's folly. The latter went homeward, walking slowly as if engaged in deep thought. When he came to his house he went in and ordered his wife to hurry the dinner. While she bustled about, he went to his room and put on his old clothes. By and by, he came down to dinner. His wife threw up her hands in astonishment at his wearing his working clothes on Sunday and demanded the reason.

"Why," said Mr. Hedgehog, "I have wagered a five-dollar gold piece that I can beat the Rabbit in a race, and—"

"What?" screamed Mrs. Hedgehog. "Have you lost your senses? Are you crazy? Do you think that you, with your little legs, can beat the Rabbit, whom not even the dog can catch. You are surely going mad, or I half believe—"

"Shut up!" snarled her husband. "Hurry up your dinner and get into your old clothes. I am going to need your help. You needn't say you won't, or I'll use the broomstick again!"

"Then the wife said no more; but as she flew around getting dinner ready she grumbled and muttered at her husband. The meal was soon prepared, and as Mr. Hedgehog's morning walk had made him hungry the dishes were shortly licked clean. After resting a little while he smoked his pipe. Mr. Hedgehog called his wife and told her to get the stubblefield, which had been partly plowed. Mr. Hedgehog took his wife to the upper end of the field and told her to lie down in the furrow.

"After a while," said he, "you will hear the rabbit coming. Just before he gets here, you are to get up and say, 'I am already here!' I guess we'll beat him. Meanwhile I'll go and hunt him up."

So Mr. Hedgehog went back to the lower end of the field and sat down in the shade until the rabbit should come. Soon he heard the hippity hop of his rival, and advancing, politely he met him. The two shook hands, and then each took from his pocket a five-dollar gold-piece and a flask of wine and placed them under a bush until they decided who was the winner. The Hedgehog said, "Mr. Rabbit, I am glad to see you so punctual. I have chosen this field for a racecourse. You will run in one furrow, I in another. We shall get into our places and when I say 'Ho!' we shall start. The one who gets to the other end first must say when the other comes up, 'I am already here!' Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," replied the Rabbit. "Are you ready?" "Yes. Let us take our places." So the two got into their positions ready for the word. Then when Mr. Hedgehog cried "Ho!" away went the Rabbit with his great long jumps. But the Hedgehog ran only a few paces and then crouched low in the furrow. The Rabbit ran as fast as a rabbit can, laughing all the while at how easily he had won the race. But when he came close to the upper end of the field, what was his surprise to see the Hedgehog rise from the furrow and say, "I am already here!" The Rabbit was puzzled. He knew that he was a better runner than the Hedgehog, but the facts were against him. Here was his rival ahead of him and grinning at his defeat.

"Let's try it again!" he cried in desperation. "With pleasure!" answered Mrs. Hedgehog. And so they turned to the lower end of the field and again the Rabbit started off at the top of his speed. But it was all in vain. Before he came to the lower end of the field there was his rival grinning more than ever and crying, "I am already here!" Now the Rabbit became angry in earnest. Back and forth he ran as fast as a rabbit could go; but every time he came to one end of the field or other there was the Hedgehog with his ever-ready call, "I am already here!" Seventy-two times he ran across the field; but on the seventy-third try he fell dead in his tracks, overcome by his desperate efforts to win. The Hedgehog called his wife and, picking up the money, started home. Every few minutes he looked back over his shoulder and muttered an evil grin. "Mister Crooked Shank! Indeed! I think you found, my child, that crooked legs may not mean crooked wits!"

to have had the first line, "Now I lay me down to take my sleep," but no copy of it is known to exist.

What is iodine, where is it obtained and for what is it most used?—Celt. An element found in sea water, many forms of marine life, in some land plants and in many minerals. It is obtained commercially from the seaweed known as kelp and from Chile saltpeter, in each of which it is present to the amount of 2 per cent, or less. Aniline colors take up perhaps a fifth of the entire output of iodine, much less is used in photography and the mass of it is used in medicines.

Who are the present rulers of European countries?—J. B. These are the more important ones: Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary; King Leopold II, of Belgium; Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria; King Christian IX, of Denmark; President Emile Loubet, of France; Emperor William II, of Germany; King Edward VII, of Great Britain and Ireland; King George, of Greece; King Victor Emmanuel III, of Italy; Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands; King Carlos, of Portugal; King Charles, of Roumania; Emperor Nicholas II, of Russia; King Alexander, of Serbia; King Alfonso XIII, of Spain; King Oscar II, of Sweden and Norway; President Zemp, of Switzerland, and Sultan Abdul Hamid II, of Turkey.

Can you give the names and addresses of the thirteen congressmen from this State? Their Indiana residence is meant. Can you give the names of the well-known Biddle library? Is it still undivided?—W. E. James A. Hemenway, Bloomville; Robert W. Miers, Bloomington; William C. Corydon; Francis M. Griffith, Vevay; Elias S. Holliday, Brazil; James E. Watson, Rushville; Jesse Overstreet, Indianapolis; George W. Cromer, Muncie; Charles B. Landis, Delphi; Edgar D. Crumpacker, Valparaiso; George W. Steele, Marion; James M. Robinson, Fort Wayne; A. L. Brick, South Bend. The names are given in the order of the districts. A. W. Underwood stands that it has been scattered, a part of it going to the Logansport public library.

MEALS HE DRANK A LITTLE POLLY. After Dinner he smoked one Perfecto, and then, when he had put in a frolicsome hour or so with the North American Review, he crawled into the Hay at 9:30 p. m. At last he accumulated a Sense of Virtue that was hard to carry around. He was proud of himself when he counted up the number of days during which he had stuck to the Straight and Narrow. It seemed to him he deserved a Reward. So he decided to buy himself a little Present, something costing about 15 cents. He picked out a First-Class Place where they had Electric Fans and Pictures by the Old Masters. He poured out a Workingman's Size—the kind that makes the Barkeep stop wiping up and look unfriendly for a Moment or two.

Then he remembered that a Bird cannot fly with one wing, so he gently raised the Index Finger and gave the Prescription Clerk a Look which, in the Sign Language, means "Repeat the Dose." It is an Historical Fact that when a Man falls backward from the Water Wag he always lands in a Crowd. The full Stage Setting, the Light Effects and the Red Fire were all ready to make it a Spectacular affair. Just after he had moved away No. 2 and had stopped worrying about the Winter's Coal he began to meet Friends who were dying of Thirst. Then the atmosphere began to be curdled with High Balls and Plymouth Sours and Mint Smashes, and he was telling a Shoe Drummer that a lot of People who had been knocking him would probably be working for him before the Year was out.

Then he found himself in a four-angled Cablet, and the Sea became very Rough. There was something out of Whack with the Steering Gear, for instead of bringing up at his Boarding House he found himself at another Rum Parlor. The Man who owned the Place had lost the Key and could not lock up. Here he met several Delegates to a State Convention of a Fraternal Order having for its Purpose the uplifting of Mankind. They wore Blue Badges, and were fighting to get their Money into the Cash Register. In a little while he and a red-headed Delegate were up by

penneyrol. An old family medicine book says quaintly: "This well-known herb needs no description; it grows everywhere and is known by everybody." Yellow are the berry vines, and the pear orchards file off toward the horizon in long, golden ranks; across the valley-vista shine yellow cornfields on a golden hillside, and yellow gleam the pastures and the downy seed pods of unnumbered weeds and grasses.

Meanwhile, along the high rail fence of the lower meadow, and by the hedge toward the little corner farm burying-ground, where two grandfathers and a baby lie, stands pokeweed. "Pokeberry, staliest of herbs, high-colored with its crimson stalks and purple-black berries, dripping with blood-red juice." From many towering bushes all the ripe berries are gone; "pigeon berry" they are also called, and the birds know their harvest time. "In the distribution of talents," says Alice Lounsberry, "it is not given to everyone to be an admirer of pokeweed." If the pokeweed were rare, with its greenish-white bunches of berries, ripening from the end in rich purple rosettes, and its fine, strong, crimson stalks and vigorous green leaves, what a coveted garden ornament it would be. John Burroughs admires the pokeweed and describes it as a "lusty, royal plant; it never invades cultivated fields, but hovers about the borders and looks over the fences like a painted Indian sacheem." Like dittany, pokeweed flourishes in uncultivated and neglected ground. Pokeweed is a tonic and a stimulant, but only a person now and then can be found to recall how it is made—by steeping the crushed berries in vinegar. An Irvington nature-writer has expressed appreciation of pokeweed ink. "Sheppy" has been rioting long in the tangled ravines, nosing out what woodland treasures he may find, crunching hickory-nuts about which the greedy squirrels have ruffed before they were ripe, and disturbing happy grasshoppers, which flutter high in the air, trying to be butterflies. But as the forest shadows stretch up the long farm lane until only the big white gate at the other end is in the fading sunshine, Sheppy leaves his woodland wanderings; he comes near his companion seated on the old

MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE. The Modern Fable of the Periodical, the Never-Again Feeling and the Ride on the Sprinkling Cart.

Once there was an Indian who had a way of putting on all his feathers and breaking out of the Reservation. For three weeks at a stretch he gave a Correct Imitation of the Shining Light who passes the Basket and superintends the Repairs on the Parsonage. He was entitled to a Mark of 100 for Deportment. With his



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lowed log which was once a "salt-lick" for the cattle, and lies down, panting, under the big beech tree. As time goes by and she does not move he looks at the darkening sunset hills and at the shadowy lane. At length he rises, and with fawning backward glances at the long shadows in the woods, he starts off home alone. Strange, strange conduct on the part of faithful Sheppy; but his responsive soul has felt the influence of meditative September. "The day has been an illuminated text, fairer than any missal of old," but the mellow evening, too, has brought its message. As the golden day closes, like the evening of the year, it points forward to other times, and other promised joys, the long indoor evening and the blazing hearth.

EMMA CARLETON. New Albany, Ind., Sept. 30.

the Cigar Counter singing, "How can I bear to leave thee?" He put in an Application for Membership, and then the next Picture that came out of the Fog was a Chop Suey Restaurant and everybody breaking Dishes. Soon after the Lights went out, and when he came back to Earth he was lying the wrong way of his Bed with Blue Badges all over him trying to swallow a Bath Towel, which he afterward discovered was his Tongue. By getting a Leverage under his Head he managed to try it up, and then he sat on the edge of the Bed and called himself Names. He had nothing left over except the cards given to him by the Brothers from up State somewhere. He had a dim and sneaking Recollection that he had given his address and "Phone Number" to the whole Tribe and begged them to look him up.

"Not any more in Mine," said he, as he held a Towel under the Faucet. "Not for all of Morgan's would I look at any more of that Essence of Trouble. I wonder if I'll live through the Morning." That Day he lived on Bromo and Ice, and the only Satisfaction this Life offered was the Fact that he was a Reformed Man.

On the Second Day he could look at Solid Food without having a Spasm. His Hair stopped pulling, and he began to speak to the People he met. When asked to step out for a little while he lost his Temper and made a little Talk on the Subject, proving conclusively that there was Nothing in It. As he walked homeward in the Dusk he passed the Clubs and Cafes where those who Drank were rounding up, and he felt sorry for them.

"Why can't they pass it up, the same as I do?" he asked himself. "Ah, if only they knew how much more Fun it is to be Respectable." It was an actual mystery to him that any one could daily with a Dry Martini while there was a Hydrant on every Corner. On the third Day he was cracking his



"WHY CAN'T YOU PASS IT UP?"

Whip and begging people to get up on the Wagon with him. And he said it was a Queer Thing, but he couldn't bear the Slight of it.

While on the fourth Evening he confessed to some nice People he had at a Church Social that at one time he had allowed himself to be coaxed into taking an occasional Nip, but he reasoned it all out and decided it was a Bad Thing, and simply Chopped it right off. They told him it was wonderful how much Will Power he had, and asked him if he ever felt the Old Craving coming back on him, and he said he could see it splashing all around him and not have the faintest Desire to dip in.

He was so stuck on himself that he went around to call on all his Friends who kept it on the Table, so that he could wave it to one side and tell how he despised it. He sat there and pitied those who were inhaling it. Every Morning when he arose he would throw kisses to himself in the Glass and exclaim: "Aha! The Head as clear as a Bell this A. M. I'll bet I'm the cleanest and nicest Young Fellow in this Town. Any Girl that picks out a Sober and Steady Man such as I am will certainly be showing good Judgment."

As Narrated at the Beginning, for three weeks he worked hard at the Job of being an Abstainer. And at last he accumulated a Sense of Virtue that weighed over two hundred Pounds. He knew that he was entitled to a Reward, so he decided to buy himself a little Present. Just a wee Reformer of by-gone Days, and then back to Sarsaparilla. But he fell into a Crowd. There was another State Convention. It had been arranged for him so that he could get a Fresh Start.

Moral: Life is a Series of Relapses and Recoveries. We are very slightly changed. From the semi-ages who ranged from the first of his life, he knew, who drew the longest bow, he was a simple victory, a praise. As we run down to-day. "Dow," the first of all his race, Met the Mammoth face to face. On the lake or in the cave, Rode the steadiest canoe. Ate the quarry others slew. Died—and took the finest grave. When they scratched the reindeer-bone, It took the first of his own. Flashed it from the artist—then, Even in those early days, Was a simple victory, a praise. Through the toil of other men. Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage Favoritism governed kissage. Even as it does in this age. Who shall doubt the secret hid Under Cheops's pyramid? Was that the contractor did? Or that Joseph's sudden rise Came out of several millions? Was a fraud of monstrous size On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians? Thus, the artist songs I sing Do not deal with anything his own. New or never said before. As it was in the beginning, Is to-day official signing. And shall be forevermore. —Rudyard Kipling.

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Westerners paid on the increased valuations put on their properties without a grumble. "This made the conservative, original element of the city so angry, and the fire was fanned when one of the richest of the invaders was quoted as saying that she regarded the resort as a stepping stone to Newport, and proposed to work it for all it was worth. Some backbiting at the local country club followed. "Thus this season comes to a close with this fashionable colony of rich people divided into two opposing factions. There is much hard feeling that finds expression in words which will probably lead to a worse condition of things unless some means of tact can bring peace out of the social bustle which has not yet existed. "This season the interest in the social war lies in the fact that among the cottagers are several distinguished residents of the metropolis who, in a guarded way, side with the old Bostonians." "Pilgrim Mothers." The desire to women to become colonists may be said to be a completely new thing that has come in with bicycles and other engines of female emancipation. It is a striking example of this new colonizing instinct that 60 duly qualified teachers from Australia have offered themselves as teachers for South Africa to fill forty places. If this sort of enthusiasm exists both in the other colonies and in England, one side of the problem in South Africa is already solved.